

SULU'S FOXY SULTAN

A Savage Monarch Who Prefers the Friendship to the Enmity of the United States—Autocrat of a Strange People.

The sultan of Sulu a short time ago was about to declare war upon the United States. Spain had evacuated all the Philippines, but the sultan seemed to have an objection to a protectorate under Uncle Sam. Subsequently, however, the savage monarch concluded that he would rather have the friendship than the enmity of the United States. The gunboat Bennington took Professor Schurman to the Sulu group, and the sight of American guns probably had a pacifying effect. Professor Schurman enjoyed an hour's



FEMALE GLADIATORS FIGHTING BEFORE THE SULTAN'S COURT.

conference with the sultan of Sulu himself, says the New York Herald, and he informed the monarch that the United States had acquired the sovereignty of the Philippines from Spain, but that this country did not desire to subjugate the people of Sulu nor to interfere with their customs or religion. On the contrary, the greatest desire of the American government was to help the people of the islands to develop their country. The sultan replied that he earnestly desired peace and was anxious to continue the existing treaties. The sultan received our commissioner in state, surrounded by a bodyguard of fierce looking Moslem warriors.

We have had many creeds represented in the United States, but by our recent acquisition of the Philippines we have fallen heir to quite a large aggregation of Moslem subjects, and the Moslem religion never has blended well with the Christian, hence it is not to be wondered should friction actually occur.

He is called the "Stainless One," and is chief of both church and state. He lives in considerable style in a large wooden palace in Maybuan, his capital. The sultan's palace is always lined with an abundant display of luxuriant plants and shrubs, which dazzle the eye and intoxicate the senses. He is a very much married man. The Moslem law allows him four wives whose legality is unquestioned, and who, like Caesar's wife, are above reproach, but he is also allowed an unlimited amount of underlings. Consequently the sultan's harem is full of lesser better halves who are ever on the alert to win a smile from their liege lord.

How came it that the prophet extended his sphere of influence over Sulu? It is an interesting story, for in Sulu once Mohammedans and Christians fought that fierce battle of the creeds that degenerated all of Europe with blood.

And this is the way that the followers of the prophet came to inhabit the beautiful island of Sulu. At the time of the Spanish conquest of the Philippines two Borneo chiefs who were brothers quarreled over their possessions, and one of them, Paquin Tindig, fled to the island of Sulu with his partisans and easily reduced the natives to his rule. Tindig became famous as a warrior, so that for generations afterward the sultans of Sulu boasted of their descent from him. After the Spaniards had overcome the Butuan chief on the north coast of Mindanao, Tindig acknowledged the sovereignty of the Spanish king in exchange for undisturbed possession of the realm he had just founded.

Great as was Tindig, however, he was overcome by his cousin, Adasolan, who had escaped from Borneo with him and had taken possession of the neighboring island of Basilan. Adasolan married a Mohammedan princess, a daughter of the king of Mindanao and himself became a follower of the prophet.

Adasolan, fired with his new faith, undertook to convert his cousin with the sword, and attacked that worthy in Sulu, who was at first repulsed, but finally succeeded in killing Tindig, who was cut down when victory was practically his. Adasolan did not, however, gain his cousin's territory, and Tindig was succeeded by Rajah Bongo. Adasolan contented himself with introducing the Mohammedan religion in Sulu and since then the island has become the Mecca of the Philippines.

Piracy became a very popular means of livelihood among the Sulus, and an alliance between the potentates of Sulu and Mindanao subsequently gave the industry a great stimulus. It began to be prosecuted with great vigor over the whole Philippine archipelago.

Spanish attempts to crush the pirates led to an implacable feud, which eventually broke out into a full-scale war between Spain and Sulu Moslem world.

GHOSTLY PHOTOGRAPH.

Strange Image of a Man Several Years Dead.

Joseph Jeanes of Chester, Pa., a man past 70 years of age, whose integrity is above reproach, is responsible for one of the strangest stories that ever came out of the mysteries of a photographer's dark room, says the Philadelphia Times.

On his oath he states that while he was developing a plate a few days ago the ghostly outline of a man long dead appeared upon the negative beside the picture of the man he had photographed, who, being a friend of the dead man, recognized him immediately.

Mr. Jeanes has taken his affidavit to the truth of the picture, and as he comes from good Quaker stock it will be accepted.

This is how the ghost appeared in the picture: A man who gave his name as Burnes went to Jeanes' establishment to have a photograph taken. Burnes, who is an athlete, had the picture taken in his athletic top. The use of the usual acids



HOW THE GHOST APPEARED ON THE NEGATIVE.

failed to remove it from the plate, and the exposure was made and the plate was being developed when something white appeared upon the negative mixed in with the background. At a loss to know what it was Mr. Jeanes threw the plate away.

A second exposure was made, and a same mysterious shadow appeared upon it.

The same shadow appeared like a fatal stain upon the third exposure, but in a less marked degree, and Jeanes decided to print it. He told Burnes to call for the finished pictures in a few days.

Burnes called and when the pictures were handed to him he looked at the first one and exclaimed:

"Good heavens! How did that get there?"

"I am as much at a loss to account for it as you are," replied Jeanes. "My dark room is all right. My developer is good. That never happened to me before in all my experience."

"It's my trainer," shouted Burnes, still fearfully agitated.

"Your trainer?" repeated Jeanes blankly.

"And he has been dead four years!" cried Burnes, dropping the photograph in dismay and retreating toward the door.

"Come in tomorrow and we'll try it again to see if the same thing appears," solicited the photographer.

"Not if I know myself," replied Burnes. "You couldn't get me into that studio of yours again with a team of mules."

He darted out of the door and down the stairs as if an army of spirits were after him.

A Hawaiian Temple of Refuge.

Kawila's one remaining point of interest is the refuge, back on the hill, of a temple of refuge built by Kaunahama the Great. It is the very last of the heiaus, where in the old days, during strife, the peaceful sought and obtained immunity from harm—run into these temples a man might not pursue an enemy. This ruin indicates a very substantial structure, in masonry, about 220 feet long by 100 wide. Entrance is gained through a narrow passage between two high walls, and the interior is smooth, flat stones. The wall up hill is 8 feet high, and on the down hill side 20 feet high, and both are 12 feet thick at base. Caspar Whitney in Harper's Weekly.

"OIL PAINTINGS."

Those That Cost 90 Cents Apiece and Sell For \$2.

"Most of the cheap oil paintings," said the picture dealer, "are done by Italians on the east side in New York. They work in their living rooms, and most of the paintings have several half grown children as assistants. The wholesale dealers have a number of such artists on their books and agree to take all they can do, the firm supplying the canvas, but not the paints. Of course the pictures are done rapidly."

An expert will range six or eight canvases on a shelf that is used instead of an easel and generally has a colored print tacked up above as copy. Then he proceeds to rapidly block in the subject. A favorite scene is a mountain lake with a ruined temple in the foreground. He will indicate the lake, the sky and the mountains without attempting any details and pass on to the next canvas. By the time he is through with the last one the paint on the first is dry, and he proceeds in the same order with the trees, clouds and temple. Meanwhile his helper is putting in all the small accessories, and by the time daylight wanes the row will be done. By this system of working the artist does not have to be continually changing his brushes, and he loses no time in waiting on the drying of pigment.

"We sell such a picture as he would turn out at about \$2, including frame, the net cost of the canvas to the dealer being in the neighborhood of 90 cents. The workman gets 40 cents apiece for his paintings, and most of them average \$2.50 a day year in and year out. I know one man who makes just double that amount, but he has two clever children. As you may see, some of the pictures are by no means devoid of merit in spite of their slap dash handling. In fact, a good many of the 40 cent artists occupy their leisure in doing artistic things which they may or may not be able to sell. The others bring in a steady income and keep the pot boiling."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

TRUTH AND A TRUNK.

Look Out For Baggage If a Woman Tells You It Isn't Heavy.

I know a woman who travels around the country with a trunk as big as a house. Protests of husband and friends are of no avail, and it seems to me the case is a perfectly proper one for the Antislavery society. When I mentioned this to the lady with the trunk, she said: "But they are only to look after children and animals."

"Perhaps they can twist their constitution to get the baggageman under the head of animals and prosecute you."

She did not appear at all discomfited. The last time she went away I groaned for the expressman. The house was in a awful turmoil, and the trunk was on the third floor.

"It's not very heavy," I heard her say. At the remark the expressman immediately called his helper from the wagon. "I always know what that means," he said, with a knowing nod to the maid. When he got up stairs, he could hardly lift one end. "Never failed," he said. "When they say it's light, it's dead sure to be heavy. They don't mean it, but they can't tell the truth about a trunk. I don't know whether they think we don't know about weight, or we'll charge them less if they say it's light, or what, but we always look out for the trunk that's called light." The trunk and its helper tugged and pulled and jammed holes in the wall as they went down stairs.—Philadelphia Press.

A DISGUISED CROOK.

He Picked Up a Man About Town for a 'Shake'.

Chicago possesses a man about town who is constantly mistaken for what is known as the "rube" by crooks and sharpies. Any one who knows him would wonder how such an error could happen, yet it does. This runder is a good natured man and hence the fellows who essay to play upon him rarely get into trouble. He is really a keen hand, although loose and ill fitting clothing lend an air of rusticity to his appearance. This is accentuated by a habitual manner indicating innocence and introspection.

He was walking along one of the busy streets when he was approached by a shrewd looking individual who cordially engaged him in conversation. He readily admitted that he was broke at the time, when the man said "sit" and drew him to one side. Then the pavement merchant displayed to the wondering gaze of the runder certain stones called diamonds and besought him to buy. He hesitated him thus:

"Say, I'm a thief, see, and I pinched these diamonds. I want to sell 'em and they go mighty cheap. This one is worth a century and you get it for half. I like your looks and guess we can fix up a trade."

"Will they fade in the wash?" asked the man about town. "If they weren't I might invest, but the last ones I got sold for five or six dollars. These faded. Now if they will stand soap and water, why I might put up a quarter for that one."

The self-confessed thief "backed away" with a scared look on his face. He glared at his man intently, all the time edging away to create more distance between them. "And I took him for a rube," he muttered, as he slid around an adjacent corner.—Chicago Chronicle.

Have You a Match?

A man whose feet do not track stopped on the street the other day and said: "The phenomenal good health of smokers is not due to tobacco alone. Smokers carry matches loose in their pockets and it is the sulphur on the matches that surrounds the body with an aura of protection. What smoke and sulphur won't do in the way of killing microbes is not worth mentioning." We offer this for the benefit of the old chroniclers who "can stop smoke any time they want to," but who never bump up against the time when they want to.—Denver Road.

One on the Horse.

"I like these automobile delivery wagons."

"Why?"

"They don't gnaw our shade trees."—Chicago Record.

SAVAGE GHOST DANCE.

How the Utes Work Up Their Murderous Spirit.

MEDICINE MEN AND GHOST DANCES.

Francis Exertion Continued Until the Participants Faint From Exhaustion—Fancied Flights to Unknown Realms.

A recent telegram from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch contained the information that several bands of Utes have gathered together on the White River reservation of the Vintal tribe and are now going through the various forms and rituals prescribed by the medicine men for the propitiation of the "Great Spirit" previous to going on the warpath.

When the proper number of warriors have assembled, the chief harangues them and, fired by the spirit of the occasion, frequently rises to great flights of oratory, producing great effect upon his apparently impassive hearers. Then there are certain rites to be gone through with, for, as in Freemasonry, not all are eligible to take part in the great event.

Those who are fortunate enough to possess sufficient blackskin, now a rare article, have made for themselves a "ghost shirt," which if worn in the dance is supposed to ever after confer invulnerability upon its wearer. Then, after the ground has been consecrated, the dance is almost ready to begin. The priests ordain seven men and women as leaders by placing in their hair a holy feather of either the crow, sacred bird, as is the snake of the dance, or the eagle, sacred in all Indian religions. The bodies of the dancers are painted, not as commonly supposed, in a nondescript manner, but with great attention to exactness and detail, each design being conceived in a trance induced by the medicine men, whose artistic descriptions are thus pushed to the uttermost.

The colors are red, yellow, green and blue, these being supposed to be conducive to the spiritual as well as the physical welfare.

The dance begins either in the middle of the afternoon or immediately after sundown. When finally all is ready and the thousand details have reached com-



UTE GHOST DANCE.

pletion, the people are summoned by cries especially selected for the duty, which must be performed in a certain manner.

Amid a dead silence the leaders walk out from the vast gathering and, facing inward, join hands so as to form a small circle. Then, without stirring a muscle, they sing the opening song in a low, crooning undertone.

Following this they raise their voices and repeat the same song, this time slowly circling around to the left, always moving that foot first, following it with the right in a peculiar kind of shuffle. The movement to the left is following the course of the sun. Gradually, as the song proceeds, the circle becomes enlarged. A noteworthy feature is the fact that after the leader returns to his original position the chant is started afresh, first in an undertone, which becomes incessant with the more rapid movement of the dancers.

No drum, rattle or musical instrument of any kind is employed, and in this the ghost dance differs from all other Indian dances. As the dance proceeds the excitement becomes more intense. The participants move as fast as they can, their hands thrown from side to side, their bodies swaying, and the weak and frail are jerked again and again into position after they have almost fallen. This is continued until human nature can stand no more, and one after the other they break from the ring to stagger away and swoon from the terrible exhaustion. Not the slightest notice is taken of these, but few, very few, remain in the circle, and when it has become too small to go on these, supposedly the flower of the tribe, go into trances, natural or produced by the hypnotic influence of the medicine men. Upon recovery they again resume the dance, after relating the wonderful flights of their astral bodies into the realms of the unknown.

After the effects of the dance wear away the braves, purified in body and soul, believe themselves, as did the crusaders of the old times, divinely commissioned to sweep the enemies before them.

Be Natural.

One of the surest ways to be awkward "in company" is to try to act differently from one's accustomed manner. If one's everyday manner is not good enough for company, then it should be changed. The most desirable company manner is the natural, lightful company manner. It is natural when it is natural to be charming. One of the charms of an agreeable manner is to seem to be unaffected. Another is to listen appreciatively when others speak.—The Gentlewoman.

The clock at the houses of parliament is the largest in the world. The dials are 22 feet in diameter. The pendulum is 15 feet long. The hour bell is 10 feet high and 9 feet in diameter and weighs nearly 10 tons. The hammer alone weighs more than 400 pounds.

Bilateral Ignorance.

"What an intelligent looking dog that is of young Appleby's."

"Yes, it's funny young Appleby doesn't see the contrast."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HOLY CARPET STOLEN.

A Shock to the Faithful Followers of Mohammed.

ARABS ATTACK MECCA PILGRIMS.

History and Significance of the Mahmal Caravan—Camel Sheik and Father of Cats—Relics of Ancient Worship.

Only those who have spent a portion of their lives in Egypt can realize the consternation which will have been caused throughout the land of the Nile by the news that the mahmal caravan has been attacked by the Arabs on its way to Mecca, and that the desert bandits, after killing a number of Egyptian troops acting as escort to the pilgrimage, led off into captivity the pasha in command of mahmal, and, besides plundering the pil-



FATHER OF CATS IN THE SACRED PROCESSION.

grims of all the valuables they possessed, secured the possession of the large sums of money sent as offerings to the tomb of the prophet by the khedive, by the members of his family and by the Egyptian government. Wood, sometimes nice, gilded, or piece of tapestry of modern manufacture. Indeed, a new one is made each year for dispatch to Mecca as an offering from the Egyptian ruler and his people. From the time of its arrival at Mecca it is hung against the Canbu, or most sacred sanctuary of the mosque in which Mohammed lies buried.

The fact that this holy carpet, or Kiswah, as it is called, should have failed to reach the principal shrine of the Mohammedan faith will be regarded by the followers of the prophet throughout Egypt as an indication that Allah and the founder of his religion are angered against them and refuse to receive their annual tribute and that in consequence some great national misfortune or calamity is imminent as an indication of divine wrath. It will readily be understood to what purpose this superstitious belief will be put by the Turkish and nationalist Egyptian agitators in inflaming the more fanatic element of the Egyptian people against the English and against the Christians in general in the hope of provoking another anti-European insurrection analogous to that of Arabi Pasha in 1882.

Strictly speaking, the word "mahmal" means litter, and the annual official pilgrimage from Cairo to Mecca is thus styled from the fact that it is inaugurated by the Sultana, Shahar-el-Durr (the pearl tree), who is the only woman who ever ruled over Egypt.

The pasha in charge of the caravan, who bears the title of "prince of the pilgrimages," rides, like the sultana, in a litter swung between two camels harnessed one in front of the other. Behind him come the imams, or professors of theology, at the great El Hara university, at Cairo, which is the headquarters of Mohammedan orthodoxy, occupying much the same relation toward the latter that Oxford university does to the Church of England, and finally comes the old fashioned eunuch mahmal or litter, which every one tries to touch or kiss.

Immediately behind the mahmal, on a camel, rides a half naked man of considerable age, his matted hair giving him a sort of wild appearance. He bears the title of the camel sheik and performs the entire pilgrimage in this unbecomingly costume, while, closing the procession, comes the so called sheik or father of cats. The latter may be said to after they have almost fallen. This is continued until human nature can stand no more, and one after the other they break from the ring to stagger away and swoon from the terrible exhaustion. Not the slightest notice is taken of these, but few, very few, remain in the circle, and when it has become too small to go on these, supposedly the flower of the tribe, go into trances, natural or produced by the hypnotic influence of the medicine men. Upon recovery they again resume the dance, after relating the wonderful flights of their astral bodies into the realms of the unknown.

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GOLD TEETH NOT ALL GOLD.

Often Are Removable Shells, Worn to Make a Show.

"I'd hate to pay that woman's dentist bills," said a business man to a friend on a South Side L train the other day. Across the aisle from the men was a woman who showed enough gold every time she opened her mouth to make a man want to leave home and try his fortunes in the Klondike. Two of her upper teeth had been replaced by pieces of burnished metal, and one of her lower teeth also had a 22 carat sheen about it. Her companion had only one gold tooth, but she kept it doing the work of three by a constant smile.

"That's another case of the old adage, 'All that glitters is not gold,'" said the business man's friend. "One of the dental novelties makes gold teeth possible to any one at a small cost and without even sacrificing a healthy incisor to make room for the metal. For a quarter you can get a shell that can be stuck over any front tooth, and with an excuse to smile you can present a regular gold mine to the astonished public."

"Actresses first affected the gold tooth, and then the Yankee man got an idea. In a short time there was an epidemic of gold teeth. The novelty came out with his plated shells and sold them like hot cakes. No one but the dentist has any kick against the imitation gold tooth, and as a dazzler it is hard to beat. That woman's teeth may be the real stuff, but I believe she can slip them off when she wants to and get them plated when they get tarnished."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

He Was a Little Bit Closer.

"The meanest man I ever knew," said the short passenger, "was a fellow who got a football and painted it to look like a watermelon. Then during the summer months he kept it conspicuously displayed in his back yard and amused himself setting a savage bulldog on hungry people who happened to take a fancy to the bogus melon."

"He certainly had his mean points," said the tall passenger, "but I know a fellow who could give him a discount and then beat him at his own game. I was in a restaurant once where this fellow was getting his dinner. After he had finished he called the waiter who had served him and asked:

"How much do you get for a tip as a rule?"

"The waiter's eyes sparkled. He rubbed his hands together and replied:

"Well, sir, we finally gets at least a 'quath,' but sometimes nice, genteel, prosperous looking gennams like you gives us 50 cents."

"Then what did this fellow do but put on his hat and say:

"Thanks. I merely wanted to know how much I was going to be ahead by not giving you anything!"—Chicago News.

A DESPERATE RIDE.

He Braved the Storm of Bullets and Saved the Regiment.

"That is one of the bravest men I ever knew," said General Rosecrans, pointing out his inspector general, Arthur C. Ducaut. "I saw him coolly face almost certain death to perform a duty. Three or four times he had fallen before his eyes, and he had to run the gauntlet of a thousand muskets, but he did it."

The words were spoken to James R. Gilmore while on a visit to "Old Rosey's" army at Murfreesboro, who records them in his "Personal Recollections."

General Rosecrans referred to Ducaut's behavior at the battle of Iuka. The inspector general had observed that a regiment of General Stanley's division was about to be overwhelmed by a much larger force of the enemy.

"Ride on and warn Stanley at once," said Rosecrans as Ducaut reported the danger. An acre on fire and swept with bullets lay between him and the meeked regiment. Ducaut glanced at it and said:

"General, I have a wife and children."

"You knew that when you came here," answered Rosecrans coolly.

"I'll go, sir," said Ducaut, moving his horse forward.

"Stay a moment. We must make sure of this," said the general, beginning to write dispatches, the paper resting on the pommel of his saddle. He wrote three: gave one to each of three orderlies and sent them off at intervals of about 60 yards over the bullet swept field. Then he looked at Ducaut, who had seen every one of the orderlies fall lifeless or desperately wounded. Without a word he plunged into the fire, ran the gauntlet in safety, got to Stanley and saved the regiment, but his clothes were torn by minie balls, and his horse received a mortal wound.

POETRY WHICH BURNED.

The Successful Scheme of a Rhymer to Make Money.

A very wealthy, sedate and enterprising manufacturer in Pennsylvania has a brother who is trifling, dissipated and of course a spendthrift. But the fellow now and then displays remarkable ingenuity in "making a raise." All his life he has indulged among other bad habits, that of writing execrable verse, much of which, however, he has managed to get printed.

Lately he conceived the monstrous idea of having all his stuff printed in a book and with the aid of an unscrupulous printer succeeded in bringing out the "work" in quite handsome shape. But in the most affectionate terms he "dedicated" the book to his wealthy brother, who regards his near and dissolute kinsman's "poetry" as really the most reprehensible thing that the incorrigible fellow does.

But the rhymer and his "black art" accomplices knew their business. They printed a large edition of the book and sent a copy to the wealthy man, who immediately purchased the entire edition and the plates and made "words that burn" of the "poems" by means of a bonfire. He also sent to his cruel brother and induced him to accept a salary to do nothing but throttle his verse fiend.

The wicked printer obtained capital enough to go to Chicago and carry on a reputable printing establishment, and the bad brother is earning more money by keeping his verse fiend silent than better poets do by keeping their muses constantly at work.—Woman's Home Companion.

RED BIRD'S REVENGE

How a Quarter Breed Indian Maiden Killed Her Faithless White Lover—Five Gallons of Ice Water Poured Drop by Drop Upon the Victim's Bare Head.

Hattie Red Bird, a quarter breed Cherokee Indian girl, has been arrested and placed in jail at Tahlequah, I. T., charged with a crime most brutal and singular. She fastened her sweetheart, a white man named Joe Ryan, in a small closet just large enough to hold him, then through a hole in the ceiling above she poured ice water on his bare head until he died.

It was with delight, she confesses, that she poured the ice water through the aperture and saw and heard her lover dying inch by inch. The officers who



HOW HATTIE RED BIRD KILLED HER WHITE LOVER.

have her in charge say she has the most fiendish nature of any one they ever arrested. Her brutality is even greater than any of the outlaws who have roamed in her vicinity.

Hattie Red Bird is a pretty girl, with just enough Indian blood in her veins to make her treacherous. She has black eyes and hair, a fair complexion and pretty form. Having attended the Cherokee Indian school for a number of years she was well educated when she returned to the Cherokee country last summer.

Joe Ryan was a young merchant of Tahlequah, one of the few white traders at that place. He met Hattie Red Bird at a reception one night and became her slave. The two seemed to love each other desperately, so the neighbors say, who watched the progress of events.

All went well until Joe Ryan met another Indian maiden whose beauty attracted him more. Then he began to forget Miss Red Bird.

The Red Birds are quite prominent Indians around Tahlequah. They have a beautiful home near the outskirts of the town. Last week all the family went away on a visit except Hattie. She remained behind to enjoy a needed rest, she said.

"That night, however, she sent a note to Joe Ryan asking him to call on her. 'It is the last time I will ever ask a favor of you,' she wrote, 'so please come early. I have so many important things to say to you.'"

Joe's heart was not so hardened as to resist the appeal of his old love, so he went out to his death, but he did not know. What followed is told by the girl herself in a signed confession to Jailor Ducaut.

"Joe came, and we talked of everyday events for awhile. Then I asked him why he had commenced going with Berrie Saunders. He gave me a short answer and said it was none of my business. That made me mad, and I was tempted to shoot him dead then and there. But I did not forget my first purpose to torture him to death. So I smiled sweetly and passed it off. I told him that I had another fellow, and we'd just let things pass. He seemed pleased and said that would be best."

"Then I brought out the wine which I had drugged and asked him to drink with me and forget. I was surprised he

did not suspect something then, as he was always so quick to catch on, but he did not and drank the wine right down.

"In a few minutes the drugs had done their work, and he fell asleep. I tied his hands and shoved him into the closet."

When Ryan was pushed into the closet and the door locked, he was wedged in tight and had no room to move, not even to turn around. He tried to do this when being tortured, and his broken ribs show for it. Miss Red Bird continues her narrative.

"After I had locked him in I went up stairs and took off the trapdoor I had saved myself."

This trapdoor opened into her bedroom from the closet and was the same size as the interior of the closet. Underneath her then appeared the head of her white lover. The light hair on Ryan's head was very thin, which served doubly her purpose.

"Then I carried up a tub of ice water and, bringing a high stepladder, commenced my work. I dropped the water out of a pitcher for 14 hours nearly, and all the while he begged me to stop. Whenever he would move his head to one side, I would change the position of my hand, so that I never missed a drop during the whole time. Suddenly he became quiet, after I had dropped nearly all the water in the tub, which was kept full by a large piece of ice. I commenced on Monday night about 10 o'clock, and about noon next day he was dead. I am glad to say his last words were a prayer for my forgiveness."

REAL LIVE SEA SERPENT.

An Ocean Monster of Great Size and Strength.

There is an ugly animal in the New York public aquarium that comes as near to the general conception of a sea serpent as anything man has ever captured. This monster was captured in Bermuda waters and brought to New York by Professor Charles L. Bristol of the New York university and six students, who went to the tropics with him to study the habits of the funny tribes there. He is called, scientifically, a green moray, but among the negro fishermen of the tropics he is known as the "devil's terror." Seven feet long and two feet in circumference at the thickest point are the slimy animal's dimensions. His head is shaped like a serpent's and is so diabolical as to suggest the typical witch's head. The snout is sharp and the jaws



GREEN MORAY OR "DEVIL'S TERROR."

Borrow, with hoodlike eyes set well down toward the point of the snout. The teeth, of which there are many on both the lower and the upper jaw, are like ivory needles and slant backward like the fangs of a snake.

A broad dorsal fin extends the entire length of the body, giving it great strength and marvelous speed in the water. In swimming a few feet of the body usually swims just above the surface of the water, the head occasionally darting out, for all the world like a serpent.

The southern natives shun it. No amount of money will induce them to capture a "devil's terror." Their superstitions attach all sorts of evils to him. They say his bite is fatal, but science has not yet determined that.

For three years Professor Bristol tried to capture one of these animals. Finally he was successful. This is the only specimen ever brought to this country and it is among the largest of the kind.

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